### REST FOR WEARY WOMEN.

#### WHERE THE DESERVING MAY RECUPERATE DURING THE SUMMER,

The Philanthropic Work New Being Den for Overworked City Women by the Summer Rest Society at Paskack, th Harper Seasbore Cottage, Working Girls Vacation Society and Teachers' Rest.



COMMITTEE of la dies, organized under the name of the Summer Rest Society, las spring leased a cottage at Paskack, Berger County, N.J., to afford good board with pleasant surroundings to women earning their

own livelihood. The cottage, which is situated upon one of the highest hills in the State of New Jersey, was built by Joseph Peerless at a cost of \$18,000, when he, an English fortune seeker, was enjoying palmy days on the floor of

the New York Stock Exchange. He was afterwards compelled to relinquish his pretty summer cottage. The ladies of the Summer Rest secured it

cottage is surrounded by eighteen acres of land beautifully laid out in lawns and flower or fruit and vegetable gardens.

From its broad, encircling piazzas the Pal-isades of the Hudson are in plain view in the east, while the domes of the Catholic Mon astry on Union Hill loom up indistinctly in the distance in the south. A prettier site near New York would be difficult to find. Its proximity to the homes of those to be benefited is another of its happy features, reducing the cost of transit to a minimum.

During the past season 120 women have been built up in health and spirit by a few weeks of quiet rest in a healthy, beautiful country.
A trifling charge for board is made to main

A trifling charge for board is made to maintain, in the guests, a spirit of independence. There are no extra charges of any kind. The managers in their munificence supply the table with the best that the country affords, while a horse and carriage are kept at the disposal of the visitors.

Each guest is allowed three weeks, with the privilege of another, if the room be not called for. Each one has a separate room, except where two are willing to occupy a room together, each one with a single bed.

The house was opened the middle of June and run until the middle of November. More applications were received towards the close

applications were received towards the close than there were accommodations for.

The work, it is decided, will be made per-manent. Room accommodation is to be in-creased, and an effort made to secure the

creased, and an effort made to secure the property by purchase.

The society is officered by Miss Davidge, of 14 Fifth avenue, as President, Mrs. William Taylor, Vice President; Miss Carrie Griswold, Secretary, and Mrs. A. G. P. Speyers, of Twenty-third street, Treasurer.

The proprietors of the Brunswick have kindly offered the use of rooms in their hotel for the ladies interested to hold a fair.

The ladies say that they intend to buy the Peerless Cottage and to keep it open not only in summer, but all the year around. It can be bought at a large discount from its original cost.

nal cost.

New Jersey possesses another home for working girls, situated near Long Branch, the Harper Seashore Cottage. This was founded by the late Mrs. Fletcher Harper. This home has accommodation for more than one hundred guests, and is kept open for working girls from June until October. Each girl is allowed a two weeks' visit at a cost of \$9. All that is required of those applying for entrance is a reference of good character. A polling of the guests shows shop-girls, clerks, cashiers, bookkeepers, typewriters, telegraph and telephone operators, milliners, dressmakers, teachers, artists, printers and stenographers.

stenographers.

The two weeks of rest are a continual round

of recreation and pleasure. Seaside sports prevail, and the beach and grounds about the cottage are thronged by bathers, loungers, readers or strollers. The evenings always bring about an impromptu entertainment in

ting money to provide young working girls with a short summer vacation, where good country board can be obtained for them at reasonable cost.

A fourth and last effort to assist the weary women workers is the Teachers' Rest, at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson. This is a summer home for those who become fatigued in their task of teaching.

Exhibition in Orange This Evening by Ama-

CHAT AROUND THE THEATRES.

Erdely! Naczi and his famous Hungarian orches ra have made a decided hit at the Eden Musee. and large audiences are daily delighted with their varied and attractive performance.

John A. Mackay's new play, "One of Our Boys, s said to be "comedy straight, of neat and refined quality throughout." It looks as though Mackay had really secured something good. There is no horse-play in this comedy. Mackay appears as a rich young bachelor of an eccentric turn of mind.

Miss Kate Forsyth, who has returned from San Francisco, is busy making preparations for her departure for Europe. She sails on the 28th inst. and expects to be gone all the season. She will invade Paris and other lively cities on the Continent for the purpose of securing something in the way of a play for next season.

In the cast of Miss Estelle Clayton's play, " Sad Coquette," which is to be produced this afternoon at the Union Square Theatre for the beneft of Miss Sara Jewett, are Miss Clayton berself, Miss Selina Fetter, Miss Loie Fuller, Mrs. Louisa Eldredge, Little Ollie, Eben Plympton, George Holland, Mr. Faversham, Charles Dodworth, Mrs. Reinair and Mrs. Stoddart.

Young Henley of the "Deacon Brodie" pany, which is threatening to fight Manager J. M. Hill for a week's possession of the Union Square under a lease to try their experiment. The Theatre, made his bow in this country as a member of "The Royal Tars" English Burlesque Troupe. It included twenty-aix variety people of the class that are seen in London at the Canterbury, the Pavilion and the Oxford.

The souvenirs of the fiftieth performance of 'The Wife," which takes place at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday night, will be unusually intereating. They will contain what is called "an ograph" of the men and women in the cast. In this photograph all the faces are combined in one, so that the "beauties" of each can be seen and compared. The "average photo-graph" is not easy to explain. It needs to be seen for itself.

" The Highest Bidder " has caught Chicago, and its engagement there has been extended. On the opening night there was a big advance sale, but at about the time the doors were opened, an enormous fire broke out in the vicinity of the theatre, and ropes were stretched on each corner leading to the louse, to prevent people passing the line. It was o'clock before the play began. The fire interfered with the first night's business, but on Tuesday there was a throng at the theatre.

Some one having ventured to suggest that Dixey nade no money during his long tenancy of the Bijou Opers-House, the managers of that astute young comedian fired up and ransacked the books for figures. Here are some statistics which do not lock as startlingly inaccurate as theatrical statements generally look: The receipts for the first ten weeks of the "Adonis" production were \$35,440.75; for the second ten weeks, \$40,420; for the third ten weeks, \$49,174.75; for the fourth ten weeks, \$50,653.15. The receipts for the first year were \$221,121; for the second year, \$188,140. The total receipts for the eighty-five weeks were \$404,261, or an average of \$4,756 per week.

Several members of the " Conrad the Corsair Company are becoming known throughout the country in a weird manner. The photographs of Miss Annie Somerville, Miss May Danforth, Miss Florence Baker, Miss Laura Curtis, Miss Maud Waldemere and Miss Kate Uart are nowidistributed in packages of cigarettes. The matter was being to suggest that such notoriety might be distasteful to the young actresses. Said a gentleman to whom the mysteries of advertising are by no means scaled book: "Why, it's a wonderful thing for these girls. Their names become known nationally. Some of them would willingly give their photographs to the cigarette people to be used. When those energetic gentlemen, however, secure them otherwise, why the ladies are spared the

The scenery for the coming Booth and Barret production of "Julius Casar," at the Academy of Music, is said to be "nistorically and classically correct." The Forum scene in the first and fourt! acts gaves a view of the Forum looking up towards the Taberlarium, and including the Basilica Julia the parlor.

Since the death of Mrs. Harper, the and the temples of Dioscuren, Concordia, Vespa-Since the death of Mrs. Harper, the philanthrophic work has been carried on by her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Sibley. The cottage has never been self-sustaining, nor is it expected to be. Only enough is charged to cover the actual cost of provisions.

The Working Girls' Vacation Society in another branch of this work, which is increasing as the necessity for it grows larger. This is in charge of Mrs. Williams, of All Souls Church. This work is done by rais-

Exhibition in Orange This Evening by Amateur Athletes Jack Dempsey Shows No Marks from His Fight with Rengan-Frank Kilpatrick Made President of the National Cross-Country Association.



HE Manhattan Athletic Club has just gotten up a standard of trials and distances for athletic feats. The amateurs who equal or beat which in actual contests before May 1 next season, will surely be taken to England in the team, Mr. Sacks who took the last team across and still suffers from the spiking he got last summer, is going to be assisted next year by the well-

known timer, Mr. Geo. . Avery. The following are the standards adopted: 100 yards run, 10 2-5 seconds; 440 yards run, 50 seconds; 880 yards run, 1 minute 58 4-5 seconds: 1 mile run, 4 minutes 27 seconds; 120 yards hurdle, 16 2-5 seconds; 7-mile walk, 56 minutes; 4-mile run, 1914 minutes; 10-mile run, 52 minutes. Putting the shot, 41 feet ; running high jump, 6 feet; running broad jump 221/4 feet; 220 yards run, 22 3-5 seconds.

The first of the Essex County Toboggan, Manhattan and Staten Island Athletic clubs' combination's shows at Orange, N. J., this evening is certain of success as far as the house is concerned at least. Every seat is sold and the amateur actors have perfected themselves in each individual, p and q until they feel just as sure of the performance they will give. The next exhibition will be at the German Club's rooms, Stapleton, S. I., on Saturday night, and the grand finale will take place at the Metropolitan Opera-House in this city on next Tuesday evening.

Jack Dempsey was in the Hoffman House last night with Gus Tuthill and Jere Dunn. No one would have dreamed he had fought a prize-fight twenty-eight hours before. His left leg is coming round all right. Dempsey can't find language strong enough to apply to Al Smith, who, he says, by declaring the middle-weight was instrumental in robbing Carney out of the fight with McAuliffe, prevented his getting a \$1,000 purse added money to battle Reagan for.

"Mike Donovan's appeal to the referee," said a well-known judge of puglistic matters at an uptown sporting house last night, "of what kind of a fight is this? Is it a wrestling match?" was on a par with his judgment in pitting Reagan against the Nonpareil. You might just as well think of Dan O'Leary complaining to the referee because Charlie Rowell persisted in running during their six days' go-as-you-please races. The London prize ring rules allow wrestling, and Dempsey, like Tom King, once heavy-weight champion of England, takes every fair advantage of his abilities in the throwing line."

The Manhattan Athletic Club will hold a mixed professional and amateur boxing and wrestling tournament. It will take place in a uptown hall the latter part of the winter.

The National Amateur Cross-Country Association, at its last meeting, elected Frank Kilpatrick, of the New Yorks, President; C. Hughes, of the Manhattans, Vice-President, and G. M. L. Sacks, also of the Manhattans, First Honorary Vice-President.

One of the interesting stories circulated about the efforts made to get to the Dempsey-Reagan prize fight is about the detective who shadowed Mr. Gus Sacks. He never left the amateur athletic club man till Mr. Sacks ordered his team brought to the front of the Balsan. Best Druggists. "."

Riker's Compound Dandelion Pills

the best Liver Pills are the best Liver Pills a

Windsor just about time to start for the boat which was to take the fighters to the battle-ground. The detective watched the team while Mr. Sacks slipped out the Forty-sixth

ADAM KERPEN'S BEARD.

It is Thirteen Feet Long and it Adorns the [From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]



SOMETHING more than the hackneyed aphorism "his whisaphorism "his whiskers" is wanted if one would accurately describe a man with a beard 13 feet long. Four years ago Mr. Adam Kerpen, of 237 Hurlbut street, had such an appendage, and for many years previous had found the capillary adornment a fecund source of revenue. He starred the country from New York to Louisiana,

from East to West, and made an extended trip of the old world, the while displaying his abnormal growth of hair. He is now seventy-one years old and has parted company with the show business, after acquiring snug little sum of money. In appearance he is well preserved, tall of stature, being a quarter of an inch over six feet high, and

quarter of an inch over six feet high, and weighs 212 pounds.

During his youth in Germany he gave no outward manifestation of the immense crop of hair he was soon to develop. In fact, it was only when he arrived at his forty-fifth year that his beard commenced to grow to any length. As the years sped by the appendage crew at a prodictions rate, and it never crew in the product of the product length. As the years sped by the appendage grew at a prodigious rate, and it never stopped its downward course until it finally was strung out for thirteen feet. The beard attained its maximum length in 1883, and had been twenty-one years in process of development. Then he had it shorn, and in two years it was replaced by a companion piece stretching down his breast for two feet and eight inches. The hair is of a silky texture, thin, and tapers to a fine point. Its color is a eight inches. The hair is of a silky texture, thin, and tapers to a fine point. Its color is a light brown, with streaks of gray. In no place is the growth profuse, but scant, leading to the belief that length was acquired at the expense of density. A singular fact about this freak of nature is the utter lack of hair in other portions of his body not naturally found in this condition. For instance, his chest is as nude as a woman's and his logs are as guiltless of the natural covering as a babe's. Again, this dereliction of nature leads to the suspicion that the beard has striven at the expense of the remoter parts.

has striven at the expense of the remoter parts.

The son of this remarkable man is the possessor of a tawny beard about one and a half feet in length, but he despairs of ever seeing it rival his father's in its immensity. Absalom fell a victim to his wealth of tresses, Samson let Delilah prune his locks, and his strength was undermined, but the day of such marvels is over. For years old Adam Kerpen stalked over this country, and no tree bobbed up to snatch him bald-chinned; he had shorn his locks and hired the hair out to a saloon-keeper at \$50 a year, and yet no unusual symptoms of decay have presented themselves in his sturdy old frame. But there is a sidetracked truth that it will not do to side, and it is that the man who hired the framed beard and stuck it behind a row of brandy, liquor and phosphate tonic bottles thinks he has made an egregious fool of himself, and would like to sneak out of his contract, if by so doing he could recover a portion of his \$50. "Dod peard is good for nodings; he doan pring me vifty sens since I have him," he exclaimed, as he showed the marvel to the reporter.

Furniture at Cowporthwait & Cola. the Manhattan Athletic Club rooms will be finished this week. Mr. J. C. Barclay has the lead at present with four games won, Mr. Barclay has the lead at present with four games won with three winning games.

The Manhattans propose to have a scratch club pool tournament for the pool champion. The first has the pool tournament for the pool champion has a string of a social manufacture with the present the pool of the stabilished factory," making a special kind of the lead at present with four games at 5.15. Matisse Stary is the seathfully weeker the Beautiful moderation of the Royal Workshills was the lead at present with four games at 5.15. Matisse Stary is the seatile of the Royal Workshills was the present the best was the present present provided from the seath was the present provided from the seath of the Old Wash House, and in price back to the time when John K. Cowperthwait's fur-

HOW BILL NYE HELPED A BEGGAR.

Postage Stamp Charitably Sestewed Robbed Him of His Livelihood. The following official correspondence is printed to-day with the full permission of both parties.

LAUREL ROOT COURT HOUSE, ARE., Dec. 1rst, 1887. SIR: I have saw in THE WORLD what is called an expose of a good many Crooked Things that has got its Desserts now what I want is to have you ump Onto and tramp into the ground some parties in New York that has treated me like a dam Dog repher to Messrs linkers banks & Company that vertized to send me 500 Dols of green Goods for 50 Dois Per express and then sent me a road Hand greening for Witch I Pade 50 Dols aforesed. There dot to He a lar for sutch Munky bixness I think & so no more at Pressent from Your true Frend JOHN WESLEY MARSH.

turned over to me. I hardly know what to say. At first I thought I would go to Messrs, Linkers Banks & Co., and shoot them all as they stoothere, but afterwards I concluded to let vot do it yourself. You think we ought to have a law for such monkey business, but laws, friend Marsh, ever have been and ever will be, powerless to refinement into the hearts of the vulgar, or abiding wealth into the pockets of the idle, the vicious or the idiotic. The law can only assist, encourage and protect those who desire to know more, to be

FRIEND MARSH: Your kind letter has been

more and to have more.

I sometimes think that if legislatures could egistate brains painlessly into a man while he waits, that they would turn in and sit with closed doors for the most of the session treating themselves to a new set all around,

In the language of the little boy who sent his last dollar to the heathen the day before the Fourth of July, "the fool and his money are soon parted." There are two many men in America who desire

to swap 50 Dols for 500 Dols. Yesterday, a poor man at the Battery came up to me and asked for two cents with which to mail a letter to his wife. He talked in a broken voice, and his nose also had been broken. He held the letter in his hand. It was soiled and looked as though he had been trying a long time to get postage for it. I took it in my hand, stuck a two cent stamp on it and mailed it in a big red box that stood near for that purpose. I thought be would wring my hand and ask God to bless me, but he was as mad as a wet hen because, as I afterwards learned, I had robbed him of his only means of support.

So you see, friend Marsh, you can never tell how to take the people of New York, especially those who are the easiest to approach. Only a day or two ago I niraculously restored sight to the eyes of a poor blind man so that he could see a trade-dollar dis unctly ten feet away when dropped carelessly on the walk, and yet he cursed me bitterly-oh! so bitterly-when I took the dollar before he got to it. Poor man! poor man! I thought, as I trudged gayly to my tasks, "you are, indeed, a low ungrateful cuss," for I was as mad as a hornet.

Write to me, friend Marsh, whenever your conidence is betrayed and I will do the same, and so so more at present from your humble admirer and BILL NYE. constant reader.

She Had Heard of It. [From the Milwaukes Sentinel.] First Omaha Lady—Have you seen the new cre-

matory;
Second Omaha Lady—No, I haven't, but I hear
they make lovely butter there. Bric-n-brac and Dolls at Stern's.

From the various departments into which the onstantly arriving holiday goods are classified at stern Bros.', a brief description of two of them will perhaps give the Christmas shopper some lit-

will perhaps give the Christmas shopper some little idea of the articles now contained in that store. The bric-a-brac department is certainly one of the finest of the kind in the city. The figures in Parisian marble are wonders. One representing the flower scene between Romeo and Juliet attracts especially admiring glances. Then there are bronzes, bisque and terra-cotta figures of almost every size and of almost every price. Here, too, are parlor, plano and fairy lamps, brass ornaments of every description and most beautiful pedestals of Mexican onyx. The decoration of the Royal Worcester ware is this year of an entirely new description, and the same may be said of the Old Hall ware. If the bric-a-braca at Stern's is beautiful throughout the

OENTLEMEN: After so many so-called remedies had failed to CURE me of a very sore and inflamed throat, with loss of voice. I tried a bottle of your EXPECTOLANT, and am very glad to say that long boffer I had taken the contents thereof I was ENTIRELY CURED. Please send (C. O. D. three bottles of your "BIRER'S COMPOUND SARSAPARILLA," and oblige.

Mrs. BLLER PROST, 1229 10th ave. "."

HARD WORK FOR CHARITY.

Ladies at the Masonic Fair Becoming Exhausted by Their Labore for the Cause. "It's sweet to give to charity," said a maiden at the Masonic Pair last evening, but it becomes a little bit tedious and tiresome when a woman gives all her health and her wardrobe to the cause."

The speaker echoed the sentiments of most of the fair ones whom The World reporter

saw.

All had tired eyes and a worn-out expression, and, worst of all, there was a suspicion of hearseness in the sweet voices which begged the visitor to purchase tickets, votes and articles of merchandise.

The ladies who have been hearled about and trod upon, in the parrow corridors he

and trod upon in the narrow corridors be-tween the booths, and who have been obliged for hours to breathe the heavy air of the great hall have had by far the worst of it. They have bravely stood to their posts, how-They have bravely stood to their posts, how-ever, and are just as anxious to get the con-tents of a visitor's purse as formerly.

But they are all secretly praying for the coming of 11 p. M. Saturday, when they can go home and spend a month or more in re-cuperating their spent energies and boasting the accumulation, by their efforts, of a quar-ter of a million of dollars for the widows and orphans.

ter of a million of dollars for the widows and orphans.

Among the visitors last evening were the members of Brooklyn Lodge, who marched into the hall in a body to the droning of Brother Peter Reed's Scotch pipes.

The restaurant is still a favorite resort for charitably inclined late diners, and some have made it a practice even to delay their breakfast until the opening of the fair dining-room at 11 a. m. The profits of this branch of the enterprise have averaged \$150 per day.

R. A. Livingston is making a desperate effort to secure the goat, but is closely pressed in the race by C. C. Shayne and S. P. Rollwagen.

Other voting contests were quite lively. The Twelfth Regiment walked ahead of the gallant Seventh for the stand of colors.

The Rev. C. L. Twing still maintains the lead in the dominies' race for the gold watch. It is nip and tuck between Miss Tillie Munroe, Miss F Larsson and Miss Carrie Samuels for the diamond earrings to be given the most popular young lady at the fair.

The money keeps rolling in and the people

fair.

The money keeps rolling in and the people appear not to tire of giving, but as the ladies have tired of receiving, the fair will close on Saturday night.

#### Cold Waves

Are predicted with reliable accuracy and people liable to the pains and sches of rhoumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although we do not claim Hood's Barsaparills to be a positive specific for rhoumatiam, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for rhoumatism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the actuity or the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Harssparilla in curing this complaint. If you suffer from rheumatism, give Hood's Harssparilla a fair trial; we believe it will do you good. "I suffered a long time with rheumatism in my left arm and shoulder, my blood being in a very low condi-tion. I was advised to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did

so with great success. Since I have been taking it I have not been troubled with rheumatism, and my blood is in a better condition." MRS. M. MOUNT, 303 Nostrand avenue, Brocklyn, N. Y. Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only t C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar AMUSEMENTS.

E New Groups. New Paintings. New Attractions. New Groups. New Paintines. New Attractions.

ERDELYINACZI

and his HUNOARIAN ORCHESTRA.

Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.

Admitsion p all, 60 costs; children 35 conts,

AJESD—The Mystitying Chees Automatos.

MADIBON SQUARE THEATRE.

W. A. N. PALMER
EVENINGS AT 8.30. BATURDAY WATINES AT 2.

BUCCLESS OF 'ELAINE." News. -- Will run the balance of the season. SHATS RESERVED 8 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

WALLACK'S.
Evenings at 5.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.
FORGET-M S.-NOT.
Characters by Messrs. Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards,
J. W. Pigott, Mine. Ponisi, Miss Netta Guion and Miss
Rose Coghian.

STAR THEATRE, DECIDED SUCCESS.

MISS JULIA MARLIGWERTH.

Supported by Mr. JOSEPH HAWORTH.

THIS (THURS.) EVENING, ROMEO & JULIET. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14TH STREET.
TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14TH STREET.
TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW,
ANDY AND ANNIE HUGHES—ALBERT' CLIVES.

## A Word About Catarrh.

air and food passages, that Catarrh makes its strongunders life but allong-drawn breath of misery and disase, dulling the sense of hearing, trammelling ower of speech, destroying the faculty of small, taintpower of speech, destroying the faculty of small, tainsing the breath, and killing the refined pleasures of tasts. Insidiously, by creeping on from a simple celd in the head, it assaults the membranous lining and servelops the bones, eating through the delicate coats and causing inflammation, sloughing and death. Nothing short of total eradication will secure health to the patient, and all alleviatives are simply propersimated. tient, and all alleviatives are simply procrastinated suffer-ings, leading to a fatal termination. SAMFORD'S RADE-CAL CURE, by Inhalation and by Internal administra-tion, has never falled; even when the disease has made frightful inroads on delicate constitutions, hearing, smell and taste have been recovered, and the disease

thoroughly driven out."

BANFORD'S RADICAL CURE consists of one bottle of the RADICAL CURE, one box CATARRHAL SOLVERY, and one IMPROVED INHALER, neatly wrapped in one package, with full directions; price, \$1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS,
Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weeknessee,
relieved in one minute by the Cuticura
Anti-Pain Planter, the first and only paintilling plaster. New, instantaneous, installble, The most purfect antidote to Pain, Inflammation
and Weekness ever compounded. Vastly superior to all
other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for \$1,60;
or, postage free, 1 of Pottes Daug and Chemical, Oo.,
Bouton, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS.

Union square THEATRE.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL Miss SARAH JEWETT. THURSDAY AFTERNOON, 2 o'clock, Dec. 15,

A SAD COQUETTE. By Miss ESTELLE CLAYTON
WITH THE FOLLOWING STRONG CAST
Miss LENORE. Miss ESTELLE CLAYTON
Miss HIGGINS Miss ESTELLE CLAYTON
Miss HIGGINS Miss ESTELLE CLAYTON
Miss HILLAY LAWYON
Miss SELINA FULLER
Miss MERRITT. LAWYON Miss LOUISA HULLER
LITTLE BOBBY
FAUL MORTIMER Mr. EHEN PIV MPTON
LORD LAWYON Mr. GEORGE HOLLAND
SIR CHARLER LAWYON Mr. GEORGE HOLLAND
FREDFRICK WEST Mr. TODDART
HANDEL Mr. CHAS. DODWORTH
TAAMP
The entire receipts on this occasion will be forwarded
to Miss Jewett. Tickets now on sale.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE J. M. HILL, Manager

TWELFTH WEER.
the Considers.
ROBSON AND OBANE
under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brooks,
in the great American Comedy.
THE HENRIETTA.
by Bronson Howard.
Evanings at 8.15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Carriages,
10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

DOCKSTADER'S MISTREEL

29th st. and Broadway. Nightly, 8,80; Bat. Mat., 2,80, BEATS IN ADVANCE. NO EXTRA. Our new and laughable burleagus. FRANK HOWARD, greatest balled singer, in song, entitled "ONLY A BLUE BELL" Deckatades in a new and sand scale. song, entitled "ONLY A BLUE BELL."
Dockstader in a new song and specialty.
Last week of "Black Faust" and Musical Siftings.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

HAND PARK THEATRE.

HAND PARK THEATRE.

HOPPISTON

INCONTROVERTIBLE SUCCESS OF ANALYSIS OF CONTROVERS OF ARRIGAN'S

GREAT AND ORIGINAL CHARACTER ACTING OF DAVE HRAHAM and his Popular Orch Wednesday—Matines—Saturday.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, CORNER SIST ST., AND SD AVE.

RESERVED SEATS.

20c.

80c.

Beware of speculators.

Dec. 19 Hallen & Hart's First

JAND OPERA-HOUSE.

J. RAND OPERA-HOUSE.

J. Reserved ceats, orbestra, circle and balcony, 50c.

Wed. MRS, LANCTRY Set.

JR. AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Next Sunday-PROF. CROWWELL'S lecture.

"San Francisco and the Far Wess."

14 TH STREET THEATRE-OOR. SIXTH.AVE.

Matinese wednesday and Saturdays.

POSITIVELY LAST TWO WERES OF

DENMAN THOMPHON

IN THE GLD HOMESTEAD.

Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., 51, 61.58.

Casino. BROADWAY AND SOTH ST.
Evenings at 8. Matines. Saturday at 7.
THE JOLLIEST OF ALL COMIC OFFICE.
MADELON. Received with continuous laughter and applause.

JOURNAL—A booming success. Full of comedy.

ADMISSION, 50c. Seats secured a month she

FIFTH AVE. THEATRE.

LAST'S NIGHTS. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

ROYT'S LATEST COMEDY SATIRE. A HOLE IN THE GROUND.
.. Monday, Dec. 19-MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

Monday, Dec. 19—MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD,

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. MONDAY NEXT,

MANSFIELD
In his own comedy, MONSIEUR.

Seats may now be secured.

LYCRUM THEATRR.
Begins at 8.16.
60th Time.
MATINER,
BATUNDAY,
Next Monday 50th Bouvenir Night.

NULUS.

Nest Months of the State of the

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gone—the babies on the bosom, the betrothed lovers, the newly married couple, the young and the old, all gone! And I alone remain—a useless weed, withered, blasted and uprooted! Ah! if I only had had the courage I should have followed by brother Pierre, saying: "Good-night. I have had enough of it!" and flinging myself into the Garonne, followed the loved ones of my household.

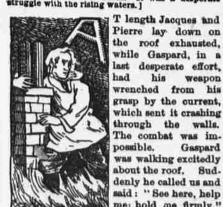
I have not a child left to make the statement of the course of the co gone—the babies on the bosom, the betrothe

# A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

[Translated for THE WORLD by J. C. Ourtin.] Concluded from Wednesday

[Summary of opening chapter—Louis Robleu was a prosperous farmer in France, near the Garonne. He lived on his property with several grandchidren and great-grandchildren. Heavy rains had swelled the Garonne, and one night the floods swept over Robleu's farm. Death and destruction were widespread. Robleu and his family were driven to the roof of their dwelling. Two servants were drowned in their room. It was a desperate struggle with the rising waters.]



Pierre lay down on the roof exhausted, while Gaspard, in a last desperate effort, had his weapon wrenched from his grasp by the current, which sent it crashing through the walls. The combat was im possible. Gaspard was walking excitedly about the roof. Suddenly he called us and

other pole and was steadily watching an enormous black mass that was floating slowly towards our house. It was a large shed-roof constructed of thick planks that the flood had completely lifted from its fastenings and which was floating towards

as like a raft.

As soon as it came within his reach, Gaspard stopped it with his pole, and, as he felt himself being borne away by it he called us to his aid. We seized him around the body and held him fast. Then the floating mass entered the current and was dashed so violently against the roof that we feared for an instant it would be shattered to pieces. iently against the roof that we feared for an instant it would be shattered to pieces.

Gaspard leaped boldly on this raft that fortune threw in our way. He ran all over it to make sure of its solidity, while Jacques and Pierre held it firm on the edge of the roof. He laughed joyously as he shouted: "Grandpa, see! We are saved. Stop crying, girls! A real boat. See! my feet are not even wet, and it will carry us all. We shall be as safe on it as if we were at home."

The women had dropped on their knees. Gaspard took Veronique and Marie in his arms and placed them on the middle of the

raft. Rose and Aunt Agathe had slid down from the tiles and seated themselves beside the girls. Just then I looked towards the church. Aimee was still standing on the roof. She was leaning against a chimney, holding her babes high in her arms, the water having now reached her waist.

"Don't be alarmed," said Gaspard. "We shall move that way and save her; I promise you that."

Pierre and Jacques were already on the raft. I leaped on it in turn. It sank a little on one side, but it was really strong enough to carry us all. Gaspard was the last to leave the roof. He told us to take the long poles that he had collected and use them as oars. He himself had one which he handled with great skill.

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We acted under his orders. We placed our poles against the roof that we had left and pushed with all our strength. But it seemed as if the raft was glued to the roof. All our efforts to move it proved fruitless. With every fresh attempt the current flung us back violently against the house. This action was fraught with the greatest danger, as the shock threatened to shatter our raft each time. time.
Once more we felt our sense of helpless-

Once more we felt our sense of helplessness. We fancied ourselves saved, and we were still at the mercy of the water. I now regretted that the women were not back again on the roof; for I expected every moment to see them precipitated into the raging water. But when I spoke of returning to our former place of refuge all cried out together: "No, no; let us try again. It is better to die here."

Gaspard no longer laughed. We renewed our efforts, pushing against our poles with redoubled energy. At last Pierre conceived the idea of remounting the roof and towing us to the left by means of a rope. In this way he hoped to drag us out of the grasp of the current, and then, with the help of our poles we could reach the open water.

But Gaspard remembered the promise that he had made to go to the rescue of poor Aimee, whose piteous cries never ceased. To do this he would have to cross the street through which rushed the terrible current which we had struggled against so long. He questioned me with a look. I was almost frantic; never did such a conflict rage within me. It was exposing eight lives for three. But I hesitated only for an instant: I could not resist her piteous appeal. "It is im-

But I hesitated only for an instant: I could not resist her piteous appeal.

"Yes, yes," I said to Gaspard. "It is impossible: we cannot go without her."

He nodded his head in silence end head pushing with his pole against all that still remained standing. We passed that still remained standing. We passed the adjoining house and over our stables. But the moment we entered the street a wild cry burst from us all. The current caught us up again and sent us whiling back towards the house. For a few seconds we were spun round and round with such velocity that our cry of dismay was lost in the frightful shock

into the flood.

What happened next I cannot tell. I only remember that in falling I caught a glance of Aunt Agathe floating on the water, upheld by her skirts, her head thrown back, and in a second or two after she went down without a

her skirts, her head thrown back, and in a second or two after she went down without a struggle.

A sudden thrill of pain brought back my senses. It was Pierre dragging me on to the roof by the hair. I lay there looking up, be-wildered, dazed. Pierre had again plunged into the water, and, in my bewilderment, I was surprised on suddenly seeing Gaspard on the spot where my brother had dived. The young man was holding Veronique in his arms.

When he had laid her beside me he again sprang into the water, from which he drew Marie, her face as white as wax, and so rigid and motionless that I believed her dead. Then he plunged in again. But this time he searched in vain. Pierre had rejoined him. They were talking and making signs that I could not understand.

When they remounted the roof, exhausted, I cried: "Where is Aunt Agathe and Jacques and Rose?"

They shook their heads. Big tears rolled down their cheeks. From the few words

They shook their heads. Big tears rolled down their cheeks. From the few words that they spoke I understood that Jacques had had his head crushed by a blow from a piece of timber. Rose had clung to the dead body of her husband and went down with it. Aunt Agathe was not seen after she sank. We were of the opinion that her body must have been driven by the current into the house beneath through an ones window.

of the opinion that her body must have been driven by the current into the house beneath through an open window.

As soon as I could lift myself up I glanced towards the roof where Aimee was clinging a few minutes before. The water was creeping still higher. I could only see her two rigid arms extended still holding her infants above the rising flood. A moment more and all was swallowed up, the waters closing over her, under the mild light of the moon.

There were only five of us left on the roof. The water had now covered it, with the exception of a slight strip along the ridge. One of the chimneys had just been carried away. We were obliged to lift up the unconscious Veronique and Marie and hold them erect to keep the waves from splashing on them. They soon regained consciousness, but our anguish only grew more intense on seeing them standing there in their dripping garments, shivering and crying that they did not want to die.

The end was coming. All that now redof the ruined village around was a few crumbling walls. The church tower alone stood intact, and we could still hear the voices of the people who had taken refuge within it. The loud roar of the waters could still be heard in the distance. We no long heard the crash of falling walls, like the

of the raft against the roof. There was a terrible crash, the shattered timbers were whirled around, and we were precipitated into the flood.

What happened next I cannot tell. I only remember that in falling I caught a glance of Aunt Agathe floating on the water, upheld by her skirts, her head thrown back, and in a sacond or two after she went down without a without knowing from whence they came.

ing to the sounds that still reached our ears without knowing from whence they came.

"Ah! I see it," cried Gaspard suddenly.

"Look, a large boat yonder!"

He pointed with outstretched arm into the darkness beyond. I could discern nothing, neither could Pierre, but Gaspard insisted that he was right. It was indeed a boat. The splashing of the ears could be distinctly heard. At last we could all distinguish it. It floated slowly and seemed to pass around us without coming any nearer.

I can remember we were almost frantic at the moment. We waved our arms wildly and shouted until we almost split our throats. Then we heaped insults on the occupants of the boat and upbraided them with cowardice, but the dark and silent object continued to move slowly away.

We it really a boat? I cappare tall but as

O move slowly away.

Was it really a boat? I cannot tell, but as Was it really a boat? I cannot tell, but as it vanished from our view it bore our last hope away with it; for every second afterwards we expected to be swallowed up in the destruction of the house. It was now undermined, and was doubtless sustained only by some strong wall which would drag it down with it when it crumbled. But what alarmed me most of all was to feel the roof bending under us. The building would perhaps have held out till morning; but the roof was fast being battered to pieces by the blows of floating timbers.

We had taken refuge on the left side of the house, where the rafters were still strong, but even these threatened soon to give way. They would surely break down if all five of us remained huddled together on such a narrow space.

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A few minutes before my brother Pierre had replaced his pipe in his mouth with a mechanical gesture. He twisted his mustache nervously knitted his brows and muttered a few words that I could not understand. The increasing danger that was closing around him and against which his courage was powerless aroused his vehement anger. He spat on the water with scornful rage, and then as we continued sinking, he put his resolve into effect and descended from the roof.

"Pierre, Pierre!" I cried, fearing to understand.

He turned and calmly replied: "Goodby, Louis. You see, this is too much for me. This will give you some more room."

And having flung his pipe into the water, he plunged in himself, adding: "Goodinght: I've had enough of it."

He did not appear again. He was only a poor swimmer. Besides, he doubtless made no effort to save himself, as his heart was broken by the ruin and death of so many

dear friends, and he did not wish to survive

dear friends, and he did not wish to survive them.

The clock in the church tower now struck 2. The night was nearly at an end—this horrible night, so full of misery and of tears. Gradually the dry space under our feet grew smaller; we now could hear a gentle murmur of running water and could feel the tiny waves breaking around our feet. The current had changed once more. The drifting wrecks now passed to the left of the village, floating slowly, as if the waters, having attained their highest level, were about to subside, wearied and exhausted.

Gaspard suddenly stripped off his shoes and waistcoat. A moment before I saw him clasping his hands convulsively. When I questioned him he replied:

"Listen, grandpa. This suspense is worse than death. I can wait no longer. Let me try. I will save her."

He was speaking of Veronique. I tried to dissuade him. He would not have the strength to carry the young girl to the tower of the church, but he insisted.

"Yes, yes, I have strong arms. I can do it; you will see."

I made no answer, but pressed Marie closer to my breast. He fancied that I was reproaching him for his selfishness in favor of his loved one, and he stammered: "I will return for Marie; I swear to you I will. I will surely find a boat or some means of succor. Believe me, grandfather."

He retained only his pantaloons. In rapid and quivering accents, he gave his instructions to Veronique. She was not to struggle; she was to do as he told her, to be perfectly calm, and above all to have no fear. To each of these instructions the girl assented with a bewildered air.

Then, after having made the sign of the cross, although he was never of a very pious disposition, he let himself slide down from the roof, holding Veronique by a rope that he had tied around her body under her arms. She uttered a loud cry, beat the water with her arms, then choked and fainted.

"I am glad of that," cried Gaspard.

"Now I will have no more trouble with her."

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The painful anxiety with which I watched them may easily be imagined. I could discern every movement of Gaspard in the turbid water. He held the girl up by means of the rope, which he had wound around his own neck, and by supporting her body on his right shoulder. This heavy burden carried him under at times, but he still continued to advance, swimming with extraordinary force.

and he was sinking under the burden. Still

and he was sinking under the burden. Still he managed to advance. A cold tremor shook me as they neared the church. Suddenly I tried to cry out, as I saw a mass of debris and timbers bearing down on them. My tongue was paralyzed with fear. Another shock had separated them, and the water closed over both.

From that moment I cannot tell what happened. Only the animal instinct of self-preservation remained to me. When the waves advanced I drew back. While in this state of stupor I heard at times a loud laugh beside me, without trying to discover from whom the laughter came. Dawn had come at last. The morning was clear and calm, as on the shores of a placid lake awakening in the early sunlight. But the laughter still rang out, and on turning around I found Marie standing beside me in her dripping garments. It was she who was laughing.

An! how sweet and lovely the dear child looked in the fresh morning light! I can still see her stoop down, take up the water in the hollow of her hand and bathe her lovely face. Then she plaited her long golden hair and tied it daintily in a knot behind her head. She was making her morning toilet. She thought that she was at home in her own room, preparing for church, when she heard the clock striking in the tower. And she still laughed with childish glee, her bright eyes sparkling with happiness.

I, too, began to laugh with her in my delir.

still laughed with childish glee, her bright eyes sparkling with happiness.

I, too, began to laugh with her in my delirium. Terror had bereft her of her reason, and it was a mercy of heaven, so enraptured did she seem with the beauty and purity of that fresh morning. I let her go on, not knowing what she was doing. She continued her preparations. Then, when she thought herself ready to start, she began to sing a hymn in her soft, sweet voice. But she ceased suddenly and cried out, as if in smswer to a voice calling on her and which she alone heard: "I am going! I am going!" She resumed her chant, descended from the roof and entered the water, which closed over her without a ripple. I still looked on and laughed. I watched even with a feeling of pleasure the spot where she had just gone down. ing of pleasure the spot where she had just gone down.

I can remember nothing more. I was standing alone on the roof. The water was still rising. One chimney remained standing, and I think I clung to it with all my strength, like an animal that shrinks from death. After that—nothing, nothing—a blank, oblivion.

. . . . . force.

I no longer doubted. He had already made one-third of the distance when he suddenly struck against a wall covered by the water. The shock was terrible. Both went down. Then I saw Gapard reappear alone. The rope had slipped or broken. He dived down twice. At last he rose, holding Veronique in his arms. He again placed her on his back. But he no longer had the rope to hold by, How is it that I am here still?

They tell me that the people of Saintin came along at about 6 o'clock in the morning with boats, and that they found me clinging

Garonne, followed the loved ones of my household.

I have not a child left to me: my home is destroyed; my fields and lands laid waste. Oh, for those happy evenings when we were all gathered around the table, the older members of the family in the middle and the youngsters all around us, and the gayety and affection that warmed all our hearts!

There is no consolation for me now. I want no help. I will give my lands to my neighbors who have not lost their children. They will have the courage to rid the ground of the debris and to till it anew. When one has lost all his children he only wants a corner in which to die.

I had now only one desire left—one last wish. It was to find the bodies of my dear ones, and have them buried together in the churchyard under one stone, where I could soon rejoin them. I was told that a number of bodies had been recovered at Toulouss after the waters had gone down. I undertook to go there.

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of bodies had been recovered at Toulouse after the waters had gone down. I undertook to go there.

What a frightful disaster! Nearly 2,000 houses swept away, 700 people drowned, all the bridges destroyed, a whole quarter of the city buried under a mass of mud, countless shocking tragedies; 20,000 wretched, half-naked creatures famishing with hunger; the atmosphere recking from dead bodies, and the people terrified by the dread of typhus. Signs of mourning were everywhere. The streets were thronged with funeral processions, and charity was powerless to heal all these wounds.

But I passed through all these ruins without even noticing them. I had my own ruina, my own dead, and the burden crushed my heart. I was told that a great number of bodies had indeed been recovered. They had already been buried in long rows in the corner of the cemstery.

Care had been taken, however, to photograph all who had not been recognized. It was among these pictures that I found those of Gaspard and Veronique. The betrothed lovers were clasped in one another's arms, in a passionate embrace, exchanging their bridal kiss in death. They were so firmly locked together, their arms were so rigid, their lips were so tightly pressed that they could not be separated before burial. So they were photographed together, and together they now aleep beneath the sod.

And this frightful picture is the only relic left me of those two lovely creatures—their faces swollen and diafigured by the water, but still retaining the traces of their noble heroism and tenderness. I can only look on a sea of the soul and tenderness.

